HOW IT WAS DONE.

A Realistic Little Sketch.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in New York.

Don't misunderstand us, gentle reader, —physically speaking our young hero was as brave as Bayard, as dauntless as Cœur de Leon. But it was where the fair sex was concerned that Mr. Torrington became a poltroon. A gentle glance from a pair of blue eyes was enough to throw him into a cold perspiration at any time.

As one by one the companions of his boyhood and early youth vanished out of the path of bachelorhood and entered into the promised land of matrimony, Church Torrington viewed them with a not unenvious mind.

"How the mischief did they muster up courage enough to do it?" was his internal reflection.

Nevertheless, in the face of all these obstacles, Church Torrington was in love.

Miss Violet Purple was as pretty and blooming a little lassie as ever tripped down the sunny side of Broadway under a thread-lace parasol on a June afternoon.

Violet Purple was born to be married —you couldn'think of her as an old maid any more than you could think of strawberries without cream, or a satin slipper without a dainty foot to fit it; and,whenever she thought of the probability of the catastrophe, a face like the moustached physigonomy of Mr. Church Torrington outlined itselt through the misty vapors of her day dream.

But Mr. Church, was so dreadfully bashful—he wouldn't propose—and poor little Violet was nearly at her wits' end what to do in this dire perplexity. A girl of any delicacy can't very well ask a man to have her, and Violet had done everything else. She had smiled sweetly upon him, given him rosebuds out of her ball bouquets, sent him embroidered cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting; and what, we ask the reader, could a girl do more?

And little Violet took to crying at night on her lace-edged pillows, and Aunt Sarepta, a tall, spare, maiden lady, who had only recently come up from the country to take charge of her brother's household, scarcely knew what to do.

"Violet," quoth the aunt, "what ails you?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?"

"I don't know, aunt," she said, blushing and rosy.

"Do you care for him?"

"I don't know, aunt," she replied, blushing still more deeply.

"Then why on earth don't he propose, and have done with it?"

"I don't know, aunt!" This time in a sort of despairing accent.

Miss Sarepta Purple set herself to untangle this gordian knot of circumstances as she would a "snarl" in her skeins of mixed wools; and when Miss Sarepta set herself about a thing, she was generally in the habit of accomplishing it.

"I'll go and see him myself," was the result of a long day of meditation on Miss Sarepta's part; "and I won't let Violet know about it."

Mr. Church Torrington sat in his leather covered easy chair, looking out a difficult case in estoppels when his clerk announced "a lady;" and, turning abruptly around, he encountered the gaze of Miss Sarepta Purple's spectacled orbs.

He colored scarlet as he dragged forth a chair and stammered out some incoherent sentence or other—for was not she Violet's aunt—the aunt of the fair damsel whom he worshipped afar off and in silence!

"Thank you," said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk— "I've come on business."

"Indeed!"

"Because," said Miss Purple, edging her chair a little nearer that of the young lawyer, "I think it's time this business was settled."

"What business?"

"What business?" echoed Miss Purple, with a belligerent toss of her head; "as if you do not know well enough what I am talking about—why getting married to be sure!"

Mr. Torrington grew a shade or two paler. Was it possible that this ancient maiden still contemplated the probability of matrimony? Had she then selected him for her victim? He looked at the back window—it opened on a blind alley which led nowhere. He glanced at the door; but Miss Purple's gaunt form effectually barred that means of egress. No—there was nothing but to sit still and face the worst that fate had in store for him.

"You see," went on Miss Sarepta, "I am not blind if I am getting into years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But still I think you had ought to have spoken out like a man. I'm willing, and I don't suppose my brother will object, as you seem to be able to keep a wife!"

"You—you are very kind!" stammered Mr. Torrington.

"Is it to be yes or no—about the marriage, I mean?"

"I shall be most happy I am sure!" fluttered our hero.

"Spoken like a man! It's what I knew you meant all the time," cried Aunt Sarepta, rising to her feet, and actually depositing an oscular demonstration, meant for a kiss, on Church's forehead. "I knew I should like you!"

Church stared. This was not exactly etiquette; but the whole matter was so strange and unprecedented that he hardly knew what to think.

"And when will you come round to brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it—for I suppose you would like to tell them yourself? This evening?"

"Y—yes, if you say so!"

"It's as good a time as any, I suppose. Of course you won't mention that I said anything to you about it? I'd rather it should seem unstudied."

No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what bad he committed himself?"

"It serves me right," he muttered, I shall be a captive for life, simply because I was too much of a noodle to save myself.

And Church Torrington proceeded to the mansion where dwelt the inexorable Sarepta.

And, behold! as he knocked at the door, Miss Purple herself opened the door, and mysteriously beckoned him in.

"I saw you coming," she said, in a low, eager tone. "I've been on the lookout. Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, you know."

"Relations! I should think so!" groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would a quinine powder.

Miss Sarepta patted him on the shoulder.

"There, go in," she said, nodding mysteriously to the door beyond.

"Go in—where?" stammered our bewildered hero.

"Why, to Violet, to be sure!"

"To Violet! Was it Violet that you meant?"

"To be sure it was! Who do you suppose I meant—me?"

"Miss Purple, pardon me," he said; "but I've been a stupid blockhead. Don't be angry, as you say we're going to be relations."

And he took the spinster in his arms and bestowed upon her a kiss which made its predeccessor appear but the shadow and ghost of kisses—a kiss which sounded as though Mr. Church Torrington meant it.

"Do behave yourself!" cried Miss Sarepta.

"Yes, I'm going to," said Church, and he walked straight into the drawing-room, where little Violet was dreaming over an unread book of poems. She started as he entered.

"Mr. Torrington is it you?"

"Yes it is I," said Church, inspired with new courage. "Violet, darling, I love you—will you consent to be my wife?"

"Are you in earnest, Church?"

"In earnest? It's what I've been waiting to say to you for the last six months, but I have not dared to venture. Come you will not send me away without an answer. Say yes, darling."

"Yes," Violet answered, so faintly that only a true lover's ears could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all that great metropolis that night.

So they were married with all due flourish of trumpets, and Violet does not know to this day how instrumental the old maiden aunt was in securing her happiness.

An Old Seal Follows Her Captive Offspring Eighty Miles.

[Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.]

An interesting incident, illustrating the maternal affection of an animal for its young, was brought to notice during the visit of an excursion party to Anacapa Island off the coast of California. A young seal pup only a few months old was brought away from the island by little Ernest Whitehead, who desired to take it home for a pet.

Shortly before sailing a large seal was noticed swimming around the sloop anchored off the cave where the capture was made, uttering loud barks and at times howling piteously. No particular attention was paid to the animal at the time or to the little captive, which at times barked in response to the old dam's plaints. The boat sailed away, making for the Ventura shore. When off San Buenaventura a calm in the wind decreased the speed of the boat, when a large seal was noticed near by.

On reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara a seal was again discovered swimming about the boat. To better secure the pup until daylight the rope was taken from its fin and it was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's invitations by casting itself overboard all tied up as it was within a sack. It is asserted by the men on deck that the seal mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth tore open the prison of her offspring. This, however, is a mere conjecture. If it did the little pup was saved; otherwise it would drown tied up in the sack. The incident was the more interesting from the fact that the old seal had to follow the sloop at least eighty miles over the ocean in a hopeful endeavor to rescue its young.

ONLY THE ROSE.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand:
The wolfsbane I should dread—
Nor will I dreary rosemary,
That always mourns the dead—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with blush,
She is of such low degree—
Jasmine is sweet and has many loves,
And the bloom's betrothed to the bee—
But I will plight to the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

—[Thomas Hood.

A Row Among the Insects.

A Hornet was washing his wings in the Sun when along came an Ant and called out:

"How now, Useless! You neither Labor nor Produce anything for the Benefit of the World."

"And your Industry, Mrs. Ant, is simply an Annoyance to Mankind," put in the Grasshopper.

"The same to you," called the Beetle. "You are a Worker, but in a bad cause."

"And I never could Understand," observed the Horse-Fly, "what on earth the Beetle was created for."

"Probably to keep such Trash as you company," replied Cricket.

The Potato-Bug, Mosquito, Wood-Tick and Moth chimed in, and the Row had become general when the Owl came along and called the Convention to order and said:

"There is so little good in any of you, according to each other's charges, that I will take the whole Crowd in for Dinner."

MORAL:

A Family Row always Fattens Outsiders.

THE "SEVEN DIALS."

[London Cor. Courier Journal.]

Dickens has made the "Seven Dials" famous. It is the roost and rendezvous of the "Forty Thieves" and scores of the most abandoned and desperate dare-devils to be found in the precincts of the wicked metropolis. Strange to say, it is in the heart of the city, and within a few squares of some of the principal streets. It is a "near cut" to many important places, if you don't get your throat cut on the way. As I stated before, seven streets radiate from its hub, and you drift into it from almost any direction. It gets its name from the fact that formerly each of the seven buildings that face upon the square had a clock upon its front—hence "The seven Dials."

A walk of a few minutes brought us to the center of "Seven Dials." We were now about to enter in medias res sure enough. The inspector stepped up to the policeman on duty, and gently exhibiting his card and some other sort of insignia, exchanged a few words sotto voce. The shrill whistle of the policeman sounded and another uniformed knight bobbed up serenely, as though from the bowels of the earth.

We formed a procession of eight strong, and set out down one of the dreariest streets, followed by a villainous crowd, black and white,, who were certain that an arrest was going to be made. A short distance and we stepped in front of a dilapidated old building.

One of the policemen went to head the column and the other brought up the rear, while we moved on the enemy. We groped our way, Indian file, through dark hallways, down a narrow staircase into a dimly lighted cellar room filled with ferocious and crestfallen characters. They were of all ages, from the sixteen-year-old boy to the hoary head. They were taking their sorry suppers, and our visit was a surprise party.

It was a sight I shall never forget. They were the toughest of the tough, and their photographs would make our American rogues' gallery blush. It was a study to see the various expressions of the hard, hellish, crime-stamped faces. Some affected an air of indifference to our presence, and went on munching their meals without looking up. Others gazed at us with an assumed air of innocence, which seemed to say, "You are shockingly rude to even suspicion me." A few did not disguise their displeasure at our unannounced call, and corrugated their brows and snarled and showed their teeth like dogs. The youngest, a boy of not over sixteen, as soon as he got over his scare, "guyed" us, and offered to treat to the stale beer in his pewter tankard. His bravado sat sadly on such young shoulders. A man stood in front of the fireplace who had evidently seen better days. His eyes were fixed on the floor, and he never once lifted them. His clothes were seedy, but a trifle neater than those about him, and a badly demoralized plug hat raised him several degrees above his surroundings. His features were deeply furrowed by vice, but through the hard lines you could read a few traces of former respectability. An old man, whose sharp, sly, sneaking face seems to have inherited sin as a birthright, rnd feeding himself from a pocketful of uncooked vegetables which he had no doubt stolen from some green grocer or market stand.

The most individual character was a rather young, stout-built man in whose face there was scarcely an indication of a human being. There was a fearful fascination in his face that held you with a snakelike charm. His features were, bold and British. His nose lay flat on his face, and his large, yellowish-gray eyes had the wide-open roll and eagerness of a panther. His expression seemed to say: "I could lap blood and deem it a dainty dish." He sat bolt upright, with a cap upon his head, and glared full upon us. I have never seen just such a face, and am at a loss how to describe it. It appears to be a nature but a bit above the brute, and unconscious of its degredation. It was a scene worthy of Dickens' pen or a great painter's brush. If it was not a hot house of hades, I am no judge.

When we had fully survived the scene the inspector asked us, as a matter of form, if we "recognized any one," and upon our responding in the negative we filed out as we came in, the police parading with presented batons. A few jeers aud "guys" were fired at us as we departed. The inspector always asked us in these dens if "we recognized any one," as he was supposed to be in search of a culprit. Had the thieves thought otherwise, there would have been a row at once, as they are not fond of visitors chaperoned by bluecoats.

We were told that the proprietor of the wretched den we had visited was wealthy, pulled the reins over a pair, and lived in sumptuous style. He never sees the place, but collects through and agent. His father, it seems, gave his personal supervision to a similar ranche until he got seven years for receiving stolen goods, and his rookery was razed to the ground, by order of the city council. Our route took us to a tenement structure down an alley where 600 of these wretches, male and female, are sheltered and fed as so many swine.

The policeman on duty said the guests were nearly all out at that hour, and that many of them did not get in until after midnight. We boarded the underground railway and had a look through east London, notorious in criminal annals. Hundreds of abandoned people herd together in that district, where they are fed and housed by wholesale at a small figure. A man or woman superintendent has charge, and sees that their meals, such as they are, are served up satisfactorily. The inspector told us that he had made many of his most noted arrests in this district.

In nearly all these places we could hear the word "wanted" softly passed as soon as we crossed the threshold. That meant a warrant was out as they thought, and it showed they were accustomed to the appearance of such documents. Almost invariably those we saw braced themselves with a rigid would-be expression of innocence, which was painfully artificial from the suddenness with which it had been masqued.

Eggs as Food.

The Journal of Chemistry—an undoubted authority—says of eggs that "at average prices they are among the cheapest and most nutritious articles of diet. Like milk, an egg is a complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal. It is also easily digested if not spoiled in cooking. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil, and saline matter in eggs are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life."

Dr. Edward Smith, in a recent treatise on food, says: "The value of one pound of eggs, as food for sustaining the active forces of the body is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1,584 to 900. As a fl .n producer one pound of eggs is equal one pound of beef." These statements being accepted as true there is no econ y in selling eggs at average prices, except there is a surplus above domestic consumption.

The practice that prevails on many farms of giving the products of the poultry to the girls for pin money robs the table of too many eggs, but it need not. The custom is all right and should be more common, but instead of taking the eggs to the village to sell, let them be bought and paid for by the head of the family to whatever extent they can be profitably used.

We believe in giving the girls a chance, and would increase rather than diminish their privileges and perquisites on the farm, but they need not be compelled to go away from home to find a market for the eggs, poultry or fruit, to the production of which they may give special attention, or at least till there is a surplus above the home demand.

Mrs. Carlyle's Housekeeping.

The wife of the famous Thomas Carlyle had many trials in her early housekeeping. She learned to make bread from recollecting how she had seen an old servant set to work and she used to say that the first time she attempted brown bread it was with awe. She mixed the dough and saw it rise and then she put it into the oven and sat down to watch the oven door with feelings like Benvenuto Cellini's when he watched his Perseus put into the furnace. She did not feel sure how it would come out. But it appeared a beautiful crusty loaf, light and sweet.

The first time she tried a pudding she turned the servant out of the kitchen and locked the door on herself. Sometimes she could not send to the nearest town for butcher's meat, and then she was reduced to her poultry.

She had a peculiar breed of long-legged hens and she used to go into the yard amongst them and point out those that were to be killed, feeling, she said, like Fouquier Tinville pricking down his victims. The country was uninhabited for miles around. She used to say that the stillness was awful, and when she walked out she could hear the sheep nibbling the grass, and they used to look at her with innocent wonder.

One day she received news that Lord Jeffrey and family were coming. She mounted her horse, galloped off to Dumfries to get what was needed and galloped back, and was already to receive her visitors with no trace of her thirty mile ride except her charming account of it.

GROWING OLD.

A little faltering here and there,
A little less of brave intent,
Speaks on the things that once were fair,
As day by day the years are spent,—

A little lingering 'twixt the lights,
To muse on things that once were dear,
Or mayhap from the hard-won heights
To hide a sad, regretful tear.

A quickened vision sharp to see
In every sweet a hidden sting—
A something of grim prophecy,
With heart sick doubt and questioning.

The path behind lies steeped in sun,
Such magic hath a backward glance;
But when with hopes and wishes done,
Tossed on the wave of circumstance,

We take the devious way alone,
Comes haunting fear of dangers hid;
The shadow of the great unknown
Falls dark across the coffin-lid.

—[Companion.

Honorable.

A well-known American author—we wish we could mention his name—died lately, leaving a large estate to his children. They assembled to hear his will read, all of them being married and heads of families. An adopted daughter, who had offended their father, it was found, was passed over in the will with a trifling legacy. One of the daughters interrupted the reading of the will.

"Father, I am sure, is sorry for that, by this time. A——should have a child's portion. We must make that right."

The other children assented, eagerly.

A widowed daughter with a large family received an equal share with the other children. One of the sons spoke now. "C——ought to have more than we men who are in business and are able to earn our living. I will add so much" —stating the sum—"to her portion." The two remaining brothers each agreed to give the same amount.

When the will had been read, one of the elder children said, "There are some of father's old friends to whom he would have given legacies if he had not been ill and forgetful when this paper was written. Shall we not make that right?"

It was done, cordially and promptly.

Now this was only the just action of just and honorable people; but how rare such conduct is in persons to whom legacies are given.

Legal Intelligence.

[Texas Siftings.]

Not long since an Austin lawyer was appointed by the District Judge to examine a candidate for admission to the bar. The young man was rather deficient in Blackstone and Greenleaf. It looked very much as though he lacked the requisite preparation.

"Do you know what fraud is in the judicial sense of the word?" inquired the examining attorney.

"I don't—I hardly think I do," was the stammering reply.

"Well, fraud exists when a man takes advantage of his superior knowledge to injure an ignorant person."

"So that's it is it? Then if you take advantage of your superior knowledge of law to ask me questions I can't answer, owing to my ignorance, and, in consequence thereby, I am refused a license, I will be injured, and you will be guilty of fraud. Won't you, Judge?"

The lawyer was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then added, reflectively:

"My young friend, I perceive you have great natural qualifications for the bar, and I shall recommend that a large, handsomely engrossed and richly engraved license be granted you in spite of your ignorance."

TOOTH-PULLING FANTASY.

[Every Other Saturday.]

With eleven teeth had I parted without the aid of anæsthetics. Unconditionally I surrendered them to the dentist, who was willing to receive them for a consideration. A twelfth must go. As I took the chair of torture, I remarked that it was a four-footed molar and would hurt.

"Take gas," suggested the dentist.

"What is gas?"

"Nitrogen monoxide—the best anæsthetic known. It is harmless and serves well."

"I'll take it; give me enough."

The dentist brought forth a rubber bag, the wooden nozzle of which he thrust into my mouth.

With a bound I sprang into the air. I attempted to fasten my hold upon something, but everything gave way—even a giant elm came up by the roots. I realized that I had but a few minutes to live. All my friends—I saw every one—were watching me. My deeds, good and bad, filed past me. I will not say which formed the longer procession. A man to whom I had given a pewter quarter asked me how I liked it, and said he knew I would come to it.

Now I was going upward, and when I had reached a great hight, I swooped down like a bird of prey, and dashed through a wall of solid masonry—just 100 feet thick by actual measurement. A dozen times I soared aloft, and as many times sailed down. When I descended all the stone fences, cobbles, boulders and trees ran to meet me. I hit them all. Now I was ascending again, but in a different manner. A balloon, miles in circumference, was bearing me upward. I clung to its lower part with my teeth. My hands were in my pockets, for the air was chilly. Above me was the balloon car, and out of it leaned a man resembling the dentist. In his hands he held an immense pair of tongs. He regarded me with manifest displeasure.

We were rising at a fearful rate of speed —so fast indeed that I could not shut my eyes. The wind blew the lids open and held them back. At last the man in the car said: "Now I'll pull that tooth; you must cling with your nose while I pull." I obeyed knowing I was in his power. The tooth came out on the end of the tongs, and was placed in the ear. Soon after I heard a tumult in the ear above. The dentist appeared and shook his clenched hand at me, and shouted: "confound your old tooth; it is growing so fast that it will crowd me out. Pretty fellow you are to shed such a monstrous molar." I thought this was very unkind. I had not asked him to pull the tooth, and how could I be responsible for its size.

Again the dentist appeared and cried in great wrath: "I shall throw it overboard —look out!" It did not hit me. I saw as it whizzed by that it was many times larger than the Capitol building at Washington. I hoped that none of my friends were standing where it would fall upon the earth. We were now near the sun and approaching nearer at lightning speed. The dentist sat on the edge of the car, dangling his legs and smoked. He had the impudence to ask me why I did not smoke. It was so warm from proximity to the sun that I decided to go no further. I relinquished my hold and shouted: "Good-by, old jaw-breaker." Quick as thought, insulted, indignant, the dentist reached for his tongs. "I'll pull them all," he said, and as I fell the tongs lengthened. and gave chase, but could not overtake me.

After falling all day and all night I came near the earth early in the morning. As I flew downward a gilded weather-cock on a church steeple crowed. I considered this offensive, and by some unknown agency, arrested my flight, and went back to the weather-cock and demanded to know what he meant by it. He crowed the louder. This was too great an insult. I flew at him, when, presto, he began to crow louder and to grow larger. I was on the earth now fleeing from a monster cock. The church and steeple were still attached to him, but he had become so much larger that they were no impediment.

I remonstrated with him, but his only reply was a blow from the foot that held the church and steeple. He was on the point of dancing a hornpipe on my stomach when I emerged into a new world in time to hear the dentist say: "There it is!" at the same time holding up a tooth. "Did you know when I pulled it?" "Yes; I saw you and your tongs pulling, but I felt it not. You were a great while about it! How long have I been here?" The dentist consulted his timepiece. "One minute and twenty seconds."

Did Not Do It.

[Youth's Companion.]

The Bible is now criticised and assailed as never before. Yet there never was an era in which it was so generally read and studied as it now is. Never was it more influential than now, and those who study it the most carefully daily find in its pages that which they have not mastered. An anecdote of the late Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, illustrates this fact:

Dr. Breckenridge once said to a friend, "I suppose that there is no book written on any subject, or in any language, that I could not master in one year, if I should set myself about it.

"But I have made the Bible a special study for thirty-four years, and I never open it that I do not discover something new. It reminds me of the great firmament. Penetrate as far as you may, with the most powerful glass that the ingenuity of man has produced, and still there is something beyond."

Another anecdote, in which Dr. Breckenridge and the brilliant Tom Marshall are associated, brings out the beauty of the undefiled English of King James' version:

Tom did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and was one day discussing the literary merits of the Parables with Dr. Breckenridge. At last Marshall, becoming excited, asserted that any scholar could write as good parables as those of the New Testament.

"Tom," said the doctor, "if you will write a production equal in its ideas and construction to the Parable of the Prodigal son, I will agree that you are right and I am wrong, and I will give you three months in which to work. If it can be done, you are as well qualified to do it as anybody I know."

Marshall accepted the proposition, and said he would do the work in twenty-four hours. In a week or two he returned, and said,—

"Doctor, that thing can't be done. I give it up."

On the Safe Side.

"Tom! Tom!" yelled a boy on Griswold street yesterday to another a block away —"come here as fast as ever you can! Here's a boy up the alley who has found a nickle!"

"What of it?" queried the other as he came up.

"Let's take it a away from him."

"Sure there ain't a hole punched in it?"

"Dead sure."

"Is he a big boy?"

"No—smaller'n us. Come on."

"Say, don't you be in such a hurry," cautioned the other. "If the nickel is all right, and we kin lick the boy that's so much fur our side, but let's circle around a little. Maybe he's a chap who's got political influence and belongs to our party. Things is right down clus in politics, and we don't want anybody to bolt our nominations."

A Suggestion.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Were you ever bilked?" he asked of the boy who was blacking his boots.

"Yes'r."

"How much?"

"Don't remember, sir. The excitement of borrowing a pistol, and running him down and shooting him dead, and giving my testimony before the coroner so upset me that I disreckolect the amount."

The stranger had his cash ready when the job was finished.